

Because she will not be annoy'd with tutors.

Luc. Ah *Tranio*, what a cruell Fathers he:
But art thou not aduis'd, he tooke some care
To get her cunning Schoolemasters to instruct her.

Tra. I marry am I sir, and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I haue it *Tranio*.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inuentions meet and iumpe in one.
Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoole-master,
And vndertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your deuice.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible: for who shall beare your part,
And be in *Padua* heere *Vincen'tio's* sonne,
Keepe house, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,
Visit his Countreimen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta, content thee: for I haue it full.
We haue not yet bin seene in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man or master: then it followes thus;
Thou shalt be master, *Tranio* in my sted:
Keepe house, and port, and seruants, as I should,
I will some other be, some *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Fisa*.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: *Tranio* at once
Vncase thee: take my Conlor'd hat and cloake,
When *Bian'dello* comes, he waies on thee,
But I will charme him first to keepe his tongue.

Tra. So had you neede:
In breefe Sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tyed to be obedient,
For so your father charg'd me at our parting:
Be seruiceable to my sonne (quoth he)
Although I thinke 'twas in another fence,
I am content to bee *Lucentio*,
Because so well I loue *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio* be so, because *Lucentio* loves,
And let me be a slaue, tatchieue that maide,
Whose sodaine sight hath thral'd my wounded eye.

Enter Bion'dello.

Heere comes the rogue. Sirra, where haue you bin?

Bion. Where haue I bene? Nay how now, where
are you? Maister, ha's my fellow *Tranio* stolne your
cloathes, or you stolne his, or both? Pray what's the
newes?

Luc. Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to iest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time
Your fellow *Tranio* heere to saue my life,
Puts my apparrell, and my count'nance on,
And I for my escape haue put on his:
For in a quarrell since I came a shore,
I kil'd a man, and feare I was descried:
Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes:
While I make way from hence to saue my life:
You vnderstand me?

Bion. I sir, ne're a whit.

Luc. And not a iot of *Tranio* in your mouth,
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Bion. The better for him, would I were so too.

Tra. So could I faith boy, to haue the next wish af-
ter, that *Lucentio* indeede had *Baptista's* yongest daugh-
ter. But sirra, not for my sake, but your masters, I ad-
uise you vse your manners discretely in all kind of com-
panies: When I am alone, why then I am *Tranio*: but in

all places else, you master *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio* let's go:

One thing more rests, that thy selfe execute,
To make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth my reasons are both good and waighthy.

Exeunt. The Presenters aboue speakes.

1. Man. My Lord you nod, you do not minde the
play.

Beg. Yes by Saint Anne do I, a good matter surely:
Comes there any more of it?

Lady. My Lord, 'tis but begun.

Beg. 'Tis a verie excellent peece of worke, Madame
Ladie: would 'twere done. *They sit and marke.*

Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio.

Petr. *Verona*, for a while I take my leaue,

To see my friends in *Padua*; but of all

My best beloued and approued friend

Hortensio: & I trow this is his house:

Heere sirra *Grumio*, knocke I say.

Grum. Knocke sir? whom should I knocke? Is there
any man ha's rebu's'd your worship?

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me heere soundly.

Grum. Knocke you heere sir? Why sir, what am I sir,
that I should knocke you heere sir.

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me at this gate,

And rap me well, or Ile knocke your knaues pate.

Grum. My M^r is growne quarrelsome:

I should knocke you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Petr. Will it not be?

'Faith sirrah, and you'l not knocke, Ile ring it,

Ile trie how you can *Sol, Fa*, and sing it.

Hortensio him by the eare

Grum. Helpe mistris helpe, my master is mad.

Petr. Now knocke when I bid you: sirrah villaine.

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? My olde friend
Grumio, and my good friend *Petruchio*? How do you all
at *Verona*?

Petr. Signior *Hortensio*, come you to part the fray?
Contutti le core bene trobato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto molto honorata signi-
or mio Petruchio.*

Rise *Grumio* rise, we will compound this quarrell.

Grum. Nay 'tis no matter sir, what he leges in Latine.

If this be not a lawfull cause for me to leaue his seruice,
looke you sir: He bid me knocke him, & rap him sound-
ly sir. Well, was it fit for a seruant to vse his master so,
being perhaps (for ought I see) two and thirty, a peepe
out? Whom would to God I had well knockt at first,
then had not *Grumio* come by the worst.

Petr. A fencelesse villaine: good *Hortensio*,

I bad the rascall knocke vpon your gate,

And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Grum. Knocke at the gate? O heauens: spake you not
these words plaine? Sirra, Knocke me heere: rappe me
heere: knocke me well, and knocke me soundly? And
come you now with knocking at the gate?

Petr. Sirra be gone, or talke not I aduise you.

Hor. *Petruchio* patience, I am *Grumio's* pledge:

Why this a heauie chance twixt him and you,

Your ancient trustie pleasant seruant *Grumio*:

And tell me now (sweet friend) what happie gale

Blowes you to *Padua* heere, from old *Verona*?

Petr. Such wind as scatters yongmen through y world,

To

To seeke their fortunes farther then at home,

Where small experience growes but in a few.

Signior *Hortensio*, thus it stands with me.

Antonio my father is deceast,

And I haue thrust my selfe into this maze,

Happily to wiuie and thrine, as best I may:

Crownes in my purse I haue, and goods at home,

And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. *Petruchio*, shall I then come roundly to thee,

And with thee to a shrew'd ill-fauour'd wife?

Thou'dst thanke me but a little for my counsell:

And yet Ile promise thee she shall be rich,

And verie rich: but that too much my friend,

And Ile not wish thee to her.

Petr. Signior *Hortensio*, twixt such friends as wee,

Few words suffice: and therefore, if thou know

One rich enough to be *Petruchio's* wife:

(As wealth is burthen of my woeing dance)

Be she as foule as was *Florentius* Loue,

As old as *Sibell*, and as curst and shrow'd

As *Socrates* *Zentippe*, or a worse:

She moues me not, or not remoues at least

Affections edge in me. Were she as rough

As are the swelling *Adriaticke* seas,

I come to wiuie it wealthily in *Padua*:

If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.

Grum. Nay looke you sir, hee tels you flatly what his

minde is: why giue him Gold enough, and marrie him

to a Puppet or an Aglet babie, or an old trot with ne're a

tooth in her head, though she haue as manie diseases as

two and fiftie horses. Why nothing comes amisse, so

monie comes withall.

Hor. *Petruchio*, since we are stept thus farre in,

I will continue that I broach'd in iest,

I can *Petruchio* helpe thee to a wife

With wealth enough, and yong and beautilous,

Brought vp as best becomes a Gentlewoman.

Her onely fault, and that is faults enough,

Is, that she is intollerable curst,

And shrow'd, and froward, so beyond all measure,

That were my state farre worser then it is,

I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.

Petr. *Hortensio* peace: thou know'st not golds effect,

Tell me her fathers name, and 'tis enough:

For I will boord her, though she chide as loud

As thunder, when the clouds in Autumne cracke.

Hor. Her father is *Baptista Minola*,

An affable and courteous Gentleman,

Her name is *Katherina Minola*,

Renow'd in *Padua* for her scolding tongue.

Petr. I know her father, though I know not her,

And he knew my deceased father well:

I wil not sleepe *Hortensio* til I see her,

And therefore let me be thus bold with you,

To giue you ouer at this first encounter,

Vnlesse you wil accompanie me thither.

Grum. I pray you Sir let him go while the humor lasts.

A my word, and she knew him as well as I do, she would

thinke scolding would doe little good vpon him. Shee

may perhaps call him halfe a score knaues, or so: Why

that's nothing: and he begin once, hee'l raile in his rope

trickes. Ile tell you what sir, and shee stand him but a lit-
tle, he wil throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure him

with it, that shee shal haue no more eyes to see withall

then a Cat: you know him not sir.

Hor. *Petruchio*, I must go with thee.

For in *Baptista's* keepe my treasure is:

He hath the Jewell of my life in hold,

His yongest daughter, beautilful *Bianca*,

And her with-holds from me. Other more

Suters to her, and riualls in my Loue:

Supposing it a thing impossible,

For those defects I haue before rehearst,

That euer *Katherina* wil be woo'd:

Therefore this order hath *Baptista* tane,

That none shal haue access vnto *Bianca*,

Til *Katherine* the Curst, haue got a husband.

Grum. *Katherine* the curst,

A title for a maide, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shal my friend *Petruchio* do me grace,

And offer me disguis'd in sober robes,

To old *Baptista* as a schoole-master

Well seene in Musicke, to instruct *Bianca*,

That so I may by this deuice at least

Haue leaue and leisure to make loue to her,

And vn suspected court her by her selfe.

Enter Grumio and Lucentio disguised.

Grum. Heere's no knauerie. See, to beguile the olde-

folkes, how the yong folkes lay their heads together.

Master, master, looke about you: Who goes there? ha?

Hor. Peace *Grumio*, it is the riuall of my Loue.

Petruchio stand by a while.

Grumio. A proper stripling, and an amorous.

Grumio. O very well, I haue perus'd the note:

Hearke you sir, Ile haue them verie fairely bound,

All bookes of Loue, see that at any hand,

And see you reade no other Lectures to her:

You vnderstand me. Quer and beside

Signior *Baptista's* liberalitie,

Ile mend it with a Largeesse. Take your paper too,

And let me haue them verie wel perfum'd;

For she is sweeter then perfume it selfe

To whom they go to: what wil you reade to her.

Luc. What ere I reade to her, Ile pleade for you,

As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,

As firmly as your selfe were still in place,

Yea and perhaps with more successfull words

Then you; vnlesse you were a scholler sir.

Grum. Oh this learning, what a thing it is.

Grum. Oh this Woodcocke, what an Ass it is.

Petr. Peace sirra.

Hor. *Grumio* mum: God saue you signior *Grumio*.

Grum. And you are wel met, Signior *Hortensio*.

Trow you whither I am going? To *Baptista Minola*,

I promist to enquire carefully

About a schoolemaster for the faire *Bianca*,

And by good fortune I haue lighted well

On this yong man: For learning and behaiour

Fit for her turne, well read in Poetrie

And other bookes, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I haue met a Gentleman

Hath promist me to helpe one to another,

A fine Musitian to instruct our Mistris,

So shal I no whit be behinde in dutie

To faire *Bianca*, so beloued of me.

Grum. Beloued of me, and that my deeds shal proue.

Grum. And that his bags shal proue.

Hor. *Grumio*, 'tis now no time to vent our loue,

Listen to me, and if you speake me faire,

Ile tel you newes indifferent good for either.

Heere is a Gentleman whom by chance I met

Vpon